

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"Letter To The President"

(feat. Big Syke)

[E.D.I. (2Pac):]

Uh, dear Mr. President. What's happenin'?
I'm writin' you because
Shit is still real fucked up in my neighborhood
Pretty much the same way
Right around the time when you got elected...
Ain't nothin' changed. All the promises you made, before you got elected... they ain't came true
(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)
(Send mo' troops, dear Mr. President)
Me and my homies is wonderin' what's goin' on... holla!
(Tell me what to do, these niggas actin' up in the hood)
(Send mo' troops...)

[2Pac:]

Why should I lie when I can dramatize?
Niggas fell victim to my lyrics, now traumatized
Simply by spittin' I've been blessed given riches
Enemies suspicious cuz I'm seldom in the company of bitches
Plus the concepts I depict so visual that you can kiss
Each and every trick or bitch, inside the shit I kick
My heaviest verse'll move a mountain
Casualties in mass amounts, brothers keep countin'
Fuck the friendships, I ride alone
Destination: Death Row – finally found a home
Plus all my homies wanna die; call it euthanasia
Dear Lord, look how sick this ghetto made us
Sincerely yours, I'm a thug, the product of a broken home
Everybody's doped up, nigga, what you smokin' on?
Figure if we high they can train us
But then America fucked up and blamed us
I guess it's cause we black that we targets
My only fear is God, I spit that hard shit
In case you don't know I let my pump go
Get it ride for Mutulu like I ride for Geronimo
Down to die for everything I represent
Meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Oh you's a baller in the White House, I hope you comfortable
Cause yo', I spend my nights out, with the lights out
Under the safety of darkness, amongst the crazed and the heartless
And young soul bros, ready to rode a starship
[?], leave a nigga flat for scratch

The Godless, I gotta get chips, but you can't understand that
Wanna ban rap? - Stand back, before you get hurt
It's the only thing nigga pay the paper besides smoke and work
On a mission, listen [?] with precision
First made my decision, I realized this ain't livin'
Trippin' to drastic measures, tryin' to get stacks of cheddar
Motherfuckers hate cops, wait, it ain't gettin' better
But you keep tellin' us that it is
While your motherfuckin' troops keep killin' our kids
Dig, don't be surprised if you see us
Dumpin' with nothing but artillery to free us, motherfucker

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Dear Mr. President, tell us what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[Kastro:]

Strapped and angry, with no hope, and heart-broke
Fightin' first my trained brain until it's not so
It's hostile, niggas lick shots to watch the Glocks glow
Cadres of coppers patrol us like we some animals
And it ain't no peace, my peace a piece on my streets
To people beefin' and things squeakin' on they beefs for weeks
Mr. President, it's evident, nobody really care
For a struggler out the gutter, 22 with gray hair
I was raised to raise hell, frail and my heart stale
So I'ma bring hell to earth until my heart fail
But y'all play fair, give me and mine, I'll share
'Til y'all show us you care, it's gon' be mayhem out here
Me and these 223's will freeze the biggest with ease
I'm still a nigga you fear, bring the beast to his knees
And I've been born to represent, for that I've been heaven-sent
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[E.D.I. Mean:]

Shit is still fucked up, y'all. And y'all wonder when it's gon' get better, and it ain't gon' get better

[2Pac:]

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up...

[2Pac:]

Heavenly Father, may I holla at you briefly?
I wanna meet the President, but will he meet me?
Is he scared to look inside the eyes of a thug nigga?
We tired of being scapegoats for this capitalistic drug dealin'
How hypocritical is Liberty?
That blind bitch ain't never did shit for me
My history full of casket and scars
My own black nation at war, whole family behind bars
And they wonder why we scarred, 13 lookin' hard
Sister had a baby as an adolescent, where was God?

Somewhere in the middle of my mind
Is a nigga on the tightrope, screamin', "Let him die!"
Can't lie, I'm a thug, drownin' in my own blood
Lookin' for the reason that my momma's strung out on drugs
Down to die for everything I represent
Meant every word in my letter to the President

[Big Syke:]

Blacks is broke, think it's a joke that we livin' low?
Y'all sniffin' blow and postin' what they hittin' fo'?
Tell the secretary it's necessary we get paid
Look what you made, little kids gettin' sprayed
Day after day, and night after night
Battles and wars to the daylight
We might change and rearrange if you do somethin'
'Til then we gonna keep it comin', Mr. President
And I meant every word in my letter to the President

[2Pac:]

Word motherfuckin' life, what the fuck this nigga think?
Cuttin' taxes, takin' off welfare
We 'sposed to just sit here, go broke and die, starvin'?!
Motherfuckers crazier than a motherfuckin' scout
Nigga, this Thug Life, Westside, Outlaw Immortalz
Nigga, we finna hustle 'til we come up

[2Pac:]

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops
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Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops

[2Pac:]

Dear Mr. Clinton, shit (send mo' troops)... it's gettin' harder and harder for a motherfucker to make a dollar in
these here streets
I mean shit (send mo' troops), I hear you screamin' peace
But we can't find peace
'Til my little niggas on these streets get a piece (send mo' troops)
I know you fear me cause you too near me not to hear me
So why don't you help a nigga out? (send mo' troops)
Sayin' you cuttin' welfare
That got us niggas on the street, thinkin' who in the hell care? (send mo' troops)
Shit, y'all want us to put down our Glocks and our rocks
But y'all ain't ready to give us no motherfuckin' dollars (send mo' troops)
What happened to our 40 acres and a mule fool? (send mo' troops)
We ain't stupid, think you got us lookin' to lose
Tryin' to turn all us young niggas into troops (send mo' troops)
You want us to fight your war, what the fuck I'm fightin' for? (send mo' troops)
Shit, I ain't got no love here
I ain't had a check all year, taxin' all the blacks (send mo' troops)
Police beatin' me in the streets... fuck peace!
These niggas actin' up in the hood, send mo' troops..troops..troops..troops!

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.